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ANNUS MIRABILIS! OR, A PARTHIAN GLANCE AT 1822.

(Concluded from Page 36.)

July.—Clara Fisher, at the Lyceum, played Crack, a drunken cobbler, in the Turnpike Gate; "trampling a child in the way it should go." Tread-mill adopted in Cold bath-fields prison. Achilles mounted in Hyde-park: several barracks made in the wall, but not one part made for the statue. Annual regatta of the Funny club: members rowed in their shirts to the Castle at Richmond in a soaking shower: odd notions of fun. Margate steam-yachts much in request and Dover coach fares reduced. Death of John Emery the comedian. Haymarket theatre much frequented: Terry excellent in John Buzzby: "a Day's pleasure" productive of a Night's. Migration over Westminster-bridge: Astley's Amphitheatre courted in the dog-days: humour of the horse-clown applauded, and the Antipodean posture-master much admired. Only one man horse whipped by Barry O'Meara, and he the wrong one.

August.—Appearance of Miss Paton in the Marriage of Figaro: critics for once unanimous. Census of London population: one million souls, exclusive of one female infant sworn by Hannah White to Ex-sheriff Parkins. English players at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris: open with Othello: a wise selection, considering the objection of the French to slaughter on a stage: Moore of Venice damned, and Desdemona hit by a penny-piece. The King embarked at Greenwich for Scotland: not a Caledonian visible during his absence, even at the India House; all being, or affecting to be, at the Levee at Holyrood House. "Carle now the King's come:" highly interesting to those who understand it. Lord Portsmouth, frightened at the Advent of Majesty, abruptly quitted Edinburgh.—Viscount Newry, aided by his five servants, rowed from Oxford to London in eighteen hours: not a scull in the boat. Fonthill Abbey on sale, and Wanstead House no more remembered: Salisbury plain covered by women eager to gain admission: run of the piece stopped by Farquhar's "Stratagem." John Paterson, aged fifty, married at St. Ann's, Soho, to Jane Barclay, aged eighteen: no cause assigned for the rash action.

September.—Return of the King to London: Scots still insufferable; the swell taking time to abate: plan of erecting a Parthenon on Calton Hill: Auld Reekie to be christened Modern Athens: great demand for fowling-pieces at Mortimer's in Fleet-street: not a cockney, from Savage-gardens to Skinner-street, that did not talk of bagging his three brace. The Lutine Frigate with 200,000*l.* on board: vessel meant to be weighed by a projector at Lloyd's, but consequences weighed at Amsterdam, and the scheme interdicted.—New Marriage Act threatens to annihilate that ceremony. Death of Sir William Herschel, and discovery of a new comet without a tail. Dinner given to Mr. Hunter at Aberdeen: nothing on table but Peter's brown loaf: "Thrift, thrift, Horatio." Statement of a civic dinner given at Norwich in 1516: amount of bill 1*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.*: utterly disbelieved by Sir W. Curtis. A man of fashion seen in London, who made no excuse for being there in September; the crowd was immense.

October.—Alterations in the interior of Drury lane theatre—opening address of G. Colman: abolition of stage

doors: great shifting of actors from one house to the other: stars changed to comets. Congress at Verona. London still a desert: but junior merchants and clerks in public offices occasionally seen stealing through the streets. The French Ministers presented their compliments to Sir R. Wilson, and requested the favour of his absence from France. His appeal to his constituents, who will probably order the decree to be rescinded. Turkey and Greece: letter from Paris telling the British Public all about it. Columbian bonds at a high premium, and the holders lords of Peru and Potosi. Appearance of "The Liberal" from the south: so called by the godfather of the Serpentine River, who gave it that name because it was neither serpentine nor a river. Stoppage of Mr. Bowring at Calais, and his removal to Boulogne: his eulogy as a Russian anthologist. Death of Mrs. Garrick at Hampton: extract from Lee Lewis, proving her to be daughter to the Earl of Burlington, and, consequently, proprietor of the mansion in Piccadilly bearing that name: stated by one journal to have had but a single maid of all work, and by another to have been possessed of a coachman and footman: scramble among the Dilettanti for little David's original Hogarths. Mermaid exhibited in St. James's-street; said by some to have died of the stitch; and by others to have been produced by Mrs. Salmon in Monkey Island. Alderman Wood seen on the Maidstone-road, riding between two pack-saddles, laden with samples of hops. Marriage Act still much criticised, notwithstanding which seven bachelors were married in one day, at the parish church of St. Andrew's, Holborn. A clergyman attended to give the unhappy wretches the last consolations of religion.

November.—Commencement of Michaelmas Term: attorneys brandishing their pens: plaintiffs and defendants loitering about Oliver's-coffee-house. Reported abduction of Lord Byron to South America: death of Mr. Zea: consequent tumble of Columbian bonds down a precipice of twenty five per cent. Lords in reversion of Potosi and Peru left sprawling in the mire, and many dozens of dry champagne advertised for sale considerably under prime cost. Liberation of Orator Hunt: his procession through London, and radical dinner at the Shepherd and Shepherdess. About the same time Mount Vesuvius began to grumble: and in both cases "repeated shocks and internal howlings were heard from the mountain." Congress continued sitting at Verona with closed doors and plugged keyholes: much conjecture consequently afloat. The Opera-house end of Pall Mall was much alarmed by an explosion of gas. Signor Zuchelli's elegance was sadly scorched; and Madame Camporese forcibly driven into two of Madame Ronzi di Begnis' characters. Signor Ambrogetti's voice has not been heard of since. The British ambassador's letter bag was tied up, and much epistolary grumbling consequently confined to the gizzards of the English exiles at Paris. Auxiliary Bible Meeting at the Mansion-house: a great pouring out of clergymen and old-women down the front steps of that edifice, who were mistaken by the multitude for disorderly people of the night preceding. A committee appointed of twenty males and as many females, "with power to add to their number." Lord Portsmouth horsewhipped by his lady, to verify the dictum of Orator Hunt, that all the fair sex are reformers. A million bushels of human bones were landed at Hull from the fields of Dresden and Waterloo; human bones best adapted to fertilize land, whence we derive the word *man*-ure. Galignani's Messenger gave an account of a parting dinner given to Anacreon Moore by the English in Paris. His speech on the occasion was not so well-timed as well-spoken: it implied that there was nothing like England after all: a strange observation in the hearing of those who preferred France before all. Extraordinary effect of galvanism upon the body of an attempt made by the Rev. Mr. Colton to latinize Gray's

Elegy. Another new tragedy from Lord Byron, entitled Werner: less obnoxious to church goers than its predecessor, but more so to criticism. A caution to resurrection men: one Simon Spade, a body snatcher, while sounding for subjects in St. Martin's Church yard, dug up his own wife. The poor man has been inconsolable ever since. Miss F. H. Kelly made her first appearance at Covent-garden theatre in the character of Juliet: if this young lady's object was secresy, never did any arrow so miss its mark; the whole town has been gazing at her ever since. Several fogs were seen gathering round the Serpentine River and the Paddington Canal. The Royal Humane Society's man, consequently, on the watch: notwithstanding which, the average November quantity of men and women put a period to their existence: the former, as usual, for money, the latter for love.

December.—Great demand for post-horses at Vernon in consequence of the abrupt dissolution of the Congress. Lord John Russell's new tragedy, two editions in one week; and an episcopal visitation sermon too weak for one edition. Bethel Waterman's Reform Society, Sheriff Thompson in the chair: dragnet to sweep off all aquatic execrations: "damns have had their day:" Bibles in brigs, and prayer books in punts. Strange monsters imported by Polito, consisting of an intellectual dandy, a civil radical, and an actor without a grievance; also a blue stocking breeder, and a tortoise shell tom-cat: the mob nearly overpowered the constables. Sad sameness of Christmas dinners. "Chine nods at chine, ach Turkey has a brother:" every tablespoon in the house flaming with burnt brandy. Infallible cures for chilblains. Proposals published for a Sub-way Company, to repair London gas and water pipes, without breaking up the pavement: much patronized by Bond Street fashionables, who were naturally desirous of taking a subterraneous walk toward the city, to borrow money, and by so doing to avoid a rencontre with those with whom they had already undergone that ceremony. Kean and Young in Othello; "The Douglas and the Percy both in arms." Dance of actors from both theatres: foot it and hey "contrary sides:" Mr. Liston and Miss Stephens still only under lined. "The cry is still they come." Diabolical attempt to poison a whole family at breakfast, in Lombard Street, by putting Paine's Age of Reason under the tea-pot: providentially none of the family could read. Growing civility of sweeps, dustmen, and patrols: plainly denoting that the æra of Christmas-boxes is at hand. Boys arm-in-arm and three a-breast, aping manhood along Fleet Street, with Cossack trowsers and bamboo canes. Grave papas, usually seen about without an accompaniment, were met dragging along children in couples, and occasionally stooping to peep into toy-shop windows. Premature twelfth-cakes stealing behind confectioners' counters: strplings of sixteen walking half-ashamed arm-in-arm with maiden aunts from whom the family has expectations. Grimaldi and the new pantomime: front rows filled by urchins, who, at every knock-down-blow, fling back their flaxen polls, in delight, into the laps of their chuckling parents on the seat behind. Magnificent prospectuses from divers new Utopian Magazines. Bellman and lamplighter run up the sides of Parnassus. A great issuing of orders to tailors on the 31st of December, for apparel to be sent home the week following, and this to evade re-appearing in the present year's bill. Awful event, which too plainly denote that Annus Mirabilis, the year 1822, is hastening to the "Tomb of all the Capulets!"

CHARACTER OF THE LATE DR. CLARKE.

All the lovers of Nature and Science,—a class in which our readers are very numerous,—must have felt one common regret for the loss of the truly learned, eloquent, and amiable Dr. Clarke.

To transmit to posterity all the powers of his mind and the excellencies of his character;—to record all his discoveries in the Mineral kingdom, and other departments of Natural History and Philosophy; and his interesting researches into the economy and antiquities of nearly all the nations of the earth;—this must be the work of one, himself imbued with the unction of science, and, moreover, intimately acquainted with the deceased. The hand of a master is required for a finished painting; and his name dignifies the work.

Yet sometimes a slight and simple sketch will arrest the attention not unpleasingly. In this view it is that an Undergraduate of his University ventures to give a brief description of the impression which his eloquence and talents always made on those that had the pleasure of approaching him.

Among all the multifarious subjects which his comprehensive mind brought beneath its operation, there was no one which it did not analyse with the greatest facility, and discuss with exquisite *tact*. The description which Johnson gives of his friend Goldsmith, may be fairly applied to Dr. Clarke—"Nullum, quod tetigit, non ornavit."

In his character of Mineralogical Professor he imparted to that study peculiar attractions. His enthusiasm in its cause was very remarkable: he gave lectures on it, and freely exhibited his splendid collection for two years before the foundation of the Professorship. Hence its establishment was a reciprocal honour to the University and to himself. His liberality in making additions to his cabinet was very great; and his industry no less laudable in preparing the necessary apparatus, and making explanatory experiments. But it was not only in what may perhaps be called the technical part that he could give the profound investigations of his own labour, and that of the most distinguished Englishmen and foreigners—he gave to the whole the adornments of elegant literature and the charms of eloquence.

The extended and highly interesting view he took of the subject will be best understood from his own words—"The object of these lectures is not only to make manifest the great national importance of Mineralogy, but to show its application to the studies of Sacred and Profane History; to illustrate the nature of every substance employed in architecture, sculpture, and painting; or for any purpose of utility or ornament, either in ancient or modern times; and, above all, to point out the harmony and order universally conspicuous in the works of created Nature."

And highly was he gifted for this task. It is needless to mention his extensive travels: *they* speak for him to those who never saw their author. But we, who have heard him, can never forget what elegant and copious illustrations he was thus enabled to give to every branch of his subject. We saw some striking passages of the Holy Scriptures illustrated by a living commentary. We heard the most beautiful passages of the Ancient Classics, and we saw the rich productions of nature to which they referred. The suavity of manners and potence with which he would explain any thing that was wished, heightened the intellectual enjoyment. Our narrator could verify almost every thing which he asserted: like the Philosophic wanderer of Ithaca, he had himself visited the countries, and observed the manners of the different tribes of mankind; and had, in addition, brought from each some proof of the beauties which are scattered on the face of the earth. Nor were personal grace and dignity wanting to give effect to his eloquence,

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. *Virgil*

It is understood to be the intention of the University to purchase his valuable cabinet. This was to be expected from a body which, collectively and individually, have always been zealous for the spread of useful knowledge. They gave him every encouragement whilst living; and

now his co-operation is unfortunately lost, no doubt, in their hands, the science will continue to flourish. In this cabinet is not only a perfect collection of minerals, with the most precious ores; but also interesting specimens from Lebanon, Parnassus, Thermopylæ, &c. and relics of the celebrated temples of Greece, with those of Balbec and Palmyra, and the structures of Egypt. The statue of Ceres, from Eleusis, and other marbles, presented by him to the University in 1808, are placed in the vestibule of the Public Library, of which he was Librarian.

The highest points in his character have not yet been mentioned. He was, then, a Christian philosopher: he delighted on all occasions to lead us through the medium of Nature to the Glory of its Eternal Author. He frequently repeated the passages of our finest poets, in which genuine piety shines conspicuous; and in speaking of the Majesty and Beneficence of God, and tracing his visible footsteps in every part of creation, he himself always kindled into enthusiasm. The audience have hung on his accents, for

From her Athenian orator of old
Greece never listened to sublimer strain.
Southey.

As a Divine, it would be difficult to speak of him too highly. Equally remote from all negligence on the one hand and fanaticism on the other, he united to the mild dignity of his office, as a minister of the church, an earnestness and fervour, such as might almost remind us of the early ages of Christianity. The Liturgy he always read with much feeling and solemnity, and the rich vein of irresistible and affecting eloquence always pervaded his sermons. Acuteness, lucid arrangement, and spiritual orthodoxy, were also their characteristics, and they were always heard with pleasure by crowded congregations. As a preacher, he was excelled by few in his University, and this will be allowed to be a sufficient compliment.

Such was Dr. Clarke. Many, who have trod those paths of science into which he could so well lead, and who had the happiness of being intimately acquainted with him, can, and doubtless will, give to the world a more complete account. But no one could have regarded him with more esteem and veneration than the obscure individual who writes this. The general effects of his labours were open to all; and by all, to whom piety, learning, genius, and eloquence are dear, they must be duly appreciated. This faint sketch is no proper monument to his excellence. *That* must be like one of the glorious piles of Egypt that he has described—of imperishable fabric. His own science too will be his monument; and *there*, as in a material building, it will be sufficient to borrow the eulogium of another master Genius—*circumspice!*—But it is soothing to record a little of what so many feel on this event;—it is soothing to strew on the tomb of Nature's votary a few of her vernal flowers, to blossom for their little hour, and perhaps attract a few eyes before they fade for ever.

Manibus date lilia plenis—
—His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere. *Virgil.*

SURRENDER OF PARIS IN 1814.

(From Lord Burghersh's Campaigns of 1813-14.)

Paris being threatened, almost possessed, it was now the critical time for Napoleon to resort to diplomacy. Marshal Mortier received an order from him, despatched on the 29th from the bridge of Dolencourt, to negociate directly with Prince Schwarzenberg for a suspension of hostilities, upon the ground that Monsieur de Caulincourt had been sent to the Emperor of Russia with proposals of peace, such as the Allies had stated themselves to be ready to assent to.

An answer, such as might have been expected at such a period, was returned, declaratory of the perfect

union amongst the Allies, and of their determination to regulate their conduct according to the declaration which had been issued after the rupture of the negociations at Chatillon. A short time after this communication had taken place, an aid-de-camp of Marshal Marmont reached the ground where the sovereigns and Prince Schwarzenberg were assembled, proposed an armistice, stipulating the surrender of all the positions without the walls of Paris, and the evacuations of the town by the French troops in the course of the night.

These conditions having been agreed to, a cessation of hostilities was immediately directed; the successes, however, of Count Langeron were not arrested till he had driven General Belliard from Clignancourt, and with the divisions of Generals Kapzewitsch and Rudzewitsch had carried the heights of Montmartre and the faubourg of Batignoles, and had pushed his right, under General Emmanuel, to the barrier of Neuilly. . .

. . . The Allies bivouaqued for the night, anxiously awaiting the triumphant recompense of their efforts, in the occupation of Paris, which, without defence, now lay prostrate before them. This seat of empire, whence destruction had been hurled on the various countries from which the soldiers who composed the army before her walls had been collected, was now doomed to feel the weight of an hostile occupation.

Towards day-break on the 31st March, the municipality of Paris arrived at the head-quarters of the Allies at Bondy, with the view of obtaining whatsoever alleviation they were able, in the future occupation of their capital. Amongst the persons who composed it, it was singular to observe Monsieur de Caulincourt, who the day before had been stated to be on a distant mission. This negociator, when Buonaparte became acquainted with the capitulation of Paris, was directed by him to seize whatever opportunity his acquaintance with the Emperor of Russia might afford, to obtain a peace upon the conditions France had refused at Chatillon, or to receive from him any other proposals he could be induced to offer; he was, however, obliged to return with an understanding, that Allies would no longer treat with the Sovereign he came to represent.*

The fitting arrangements being made, the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, accompanied by Prince Schwarzenberg at the head of detachments from all the corps of the army, entered Paris, and proceeding along the boulevards from the Porte St. Martin to the Champs Elysees, passed their troop to review there, while the cavalry under Count Pahlen, and General Emmanuel, pursued the French on the road to Fontainebleau, as far as Juvisy and Antony.

To conceive the singularity of the scene which presented itself on this occasion, it must be recollected, that since the allies had entered France they had never met with any very marked demonstration of national feeling, except from the peasantry, who at a distance from the general operations of the war, and exasperated by the conduct of the troops detached from the main army, had at times shewn considerable hostility. They had seldom witnessed the expression of any satisfaction on their entry into any of the considerable towns they had taken possession of; nor had any sentiment of a contrary nature been manifested. In entering the capital of the country, little va-

* It was at Bar sur Aube on the 23d of March that the first communications from persons in Paris attached to the cause of the Bourbons was received by the Allies, they were brought by two individuals, and reported that if the cause of the ancient royal family of France was espoused by the Allied Sovereigns, they might rest assured that aid and assistance would be afforded to them; it was consequently determined to place the Provinces of France which were occupied by the Foreign armies, the revenue of which was estimated at 115,000,000 francs, under the government of the Comte D'Artois, and a communication to that effect was made to him, at the same time that he was invited to repair from Vesoul, where he had till then resided, to Nancy.

ration from this line of conduct was expected. As Paris had, however, been the focus of the Revolution,—as it was supposed to contain every class of person who, through the changes of the previous twenty years, had rendered themselves conspicuous, and had either directed or profited by the convulsions of their country, a feeling of more hostility was rather expected from it than from the places which had already been occupied. A few moments indeed before the entry of the sovereigns, a subaltern officer escaping from the town in considerable alarm, approached the Grand Duke Constantine, and assured him he had been fired upon, and that the interior of the town was in open insurrection. This statement was but little attended to, and was not communicated to the Emperor of Russia, but it served to heighten the contrast which was immediately afterwards exhibited. From the first moment of the entry of the troops, the populace assembled in crowds within the barriers of Pantin commenced a general applause, which, seconded by the immense number of persons collected in the streets and houses, lasted during the whole passage of the Allies to the Champs Elysees, and continued there while the troops were defiling. It is impossible to describe the apparent enthusiasm of this expression of popular feeling; every rank of persons took their share in it, many officers were observed as being conspicuous, and the rich vied with the lower classes in proclaiming their joy at the political change about to be effected. The display of the white cockade, which first took place near the Porte St. Martin, was received with universal acclamations.

During the passage of the troops an individual of the crowd called out "A bas la statue," a sentiment in which a considerable number of persons appearing to coincide they moved in a body to the place Vendome, where having placed a cord round the neck of Buonaparte's statue, they endeavoured to displace it. This attempt was the only one expressive of hostility to the late government which in the course of the day was not generally approved; a few persons were added to the original number employed in the proceedings, so that the weight of metal bid defiance to the assailants, and the statue, for some days at least, remained. It was covered with a white sheet, which being told to Buonaparte, he is reported to have said of the Parisians,—Ils font bien de me cacher leur honte."

The exertions made by Buonaparte to reach the capital, as soon as he was made aware of the allied movements, were prodigious. He turned back on the corps of Winzingerode, which he had hitherto mistaken for the whole of Prince Schwarzenberg's force, and routed it with the loss of 2000 men. He then pushed on with a small escort to Fontainebleau, but all too late—the capitulation was over, and Paris occupied. It was the 1st of April before his army was reassembled at Fontainebleau; and by the third he had re-organized it, with the determination to hoist the tri-coloured cockade and advance upon Paris. It might once more have fallen into his hands, for—

Notwithstanding (says Lord B.) the Allied army had taken up a position in front of that capital, considerable doubts were entertained as to the propriety of accepting a general battle in such a situation. The immense population which would hang upon the rear of the Allies, and might at any moment become hostile, was the chief ground upon which these doubts were founded; as soon, however, as the French authorities, who had taken a lead in the revolution, became aware of their existence, they hesitated not in declaring, that the French army would, in this instance, as it had on all former occasions, obey the constituted government of the country; and consequently, when the orders were issued, that it would abstain from further hostilities. These assurances were received with considerable reserve; upon mature reflection, however, it was determined by the Allies not to withdraw their army from the ground it occupied.

Some negotiations at this period,

opened with Marshal Marmont, encouraged a belief in the predictions of the French authorities; but, after all, it appears that this General's corps was brought over to the Allied lines by General Souham without his knowledge, while he was engaged in treating on behalf of Buonaparte; and that the influence thus produced on the mighty question at issue, is not attributable to his direction. Ney and Caulincourt pressed the wishes of Buonaparte the longest; but at last they abandoned them when the defection of Marmont's corps was ascertained, the cause of which is stated to have been brought about in consequence of a message sent by Buonaparte, in the night of the 4th, to General Souham, desiring his immediate attendance at Fontainebleau. Since this officer had been a party to the convention agreed to between Marshal Marmont and Prince Schwarzenberg, he is understood to have suspected that some report upon the subject had reached the head-quarters, for which reason he had been sent for. Communicating his suspicions to the other general officers, who, like himself, had been concerned in this transaction, it was agreed amongst them, that the stipulations of the convention should at once be fulfilled; and consequently, after taking precautions against any movement from the side of Fontainebleau, they formed their troops on the morning of the 5th, General Bordesoulle leading with his cavalry, the infantry and artillery following, and General Chastel with a brigade of cavalry in the rear; and in this order marched to Fresnes, and thence to Versailles.

On the morning of the 5th, General Souham not appearing, Buonaparte despatched another messenger to require his attendance, from whom, upon his return, he learnt the measure which had been adopted by that officer, and by the troops under his orders; he immediately sent for General Belliard, and expressing the feelings of grief and indignation with which he was oppressed, desired him to proceed to the advanced posts, and to make those arrangements for the protection of his front which became necessary. At the same time, being persuaded that, with his army now so reduced as not to exceed from 30 to 35,000 men, he could no longer maintain the position he occupied, he gave directions for its retreat on the following morning, behind the Loire.

This was, however, rendered unnecessary by Buonaparte's acceptance of the conditions offered him by the Allies. The new Constitution was decreed on the 5th of April, the provincial government established, and the white cockade assumed by the National Guards on the 6th. On the 12th, the Comte d'Artois made his triumphal entry into Paris: and on the 14th, he received from the provisional Government, as the King's Lieutenant, the sovereign authority of the country. On the same day on which the Comte d'Artois was received with universal acclamations in the capital, Buonaparte's Commissioners carried to him, at Fontainebleau, the treaty which they had signed in his behalf, with the ministers of the Allied Powers.

Having signed this instrument, he recommended to the officers about him to attach themselves to the dynasty which was now called to govern them. He spoke favourably of Louis XVIII. and believing him to be a person of consider able talent and good well of the system of government he would pursue. Many of the difficulties he would have to contend against, however, he thought he would have some difficulty in overcoming. The intrigues of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the Imperial Guard, were amongst those which would cause him the greatest annoyance; yet, by firmness and prudence, they were to be got the better of. At the termination of this discourse, Buonaparte gave permission to those about him to proceed to Paris whenever they desired it, recommending those who remained to send in their adhesion to the new government.

In conformity with this permission, Marshal Berthier immediately transmitted the adhesion of the army, promising its fidelity to the Prince whom the French nation had recalled to the throne of his ancestors.

Such was the extraordinary termination of the French Revolution. Splendid as were many of the achievements by which it was marked, rivetted as it was considered to be in the feelings of the vast majority of the French people, yet it passed away, seemingly without a struggle. From the moment the French capital was occupied by the Allies, peace and good will seemed at once established among the various people, so singularly brought together, and so lately in violent hostility to each other. The spirit of conquest and oppression, from which had flowed such vast desolation throughout the world, seemed at once to be extinguished. Though vengeance and the desire of war were still the feelings by which the French armies were animated, yet at Paris these sentiments were absorbed in the general joy and satisfaction of every class of its inhabitants. Gratitude to the Allies, for the magnanimity of their conduct, was the constant source of popular declamation.

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

After the death of Manfred, King of Naples, the Ghibellines lost their ascendancy throughout Italy. The exiled Guelphs returned to their native cities; and not contented with resuming the reins of government, they prosecuted their triumph until the Ghibellines in their turn were obliged to fly, and to mourn in banishment over the violent party spirit which had before occasioned their bloody victories, and now their irretrievable defeat. After an obstinate contest the Florentine Ghibellines were forced to quit their native town; their estates were confiscated; their attempts to reinstate themselves frustrated; and retreating from castle to castle, they at length took refuge in Lucca, and awaited with impatience the arrival of Corradino from Germany, through whose influence they hoped again to establish the Imperial supremacy.

The first of May was ever a day of rejoicing and festivity at Florence. The youth of both sexes, of the highest rank, paraded the streets, crowned with flowers, and singing the canzonets of the day. In the evening they assembled in the *Piazza del Duomo*, and spent the hours in dancing. The *Carroccio* was led through the principal streets, the ringing of its bell drowned in the peals that rang from every belfry in the city, and in the music of fifes and drums which made a part of the procession that followed it. The triumph of the reigning party in Florence caused them to celebrate the anniversary of the first of May, 1268, with peculiar splendour. They had indeed hoped that Charles d'Anjou, King of Naples, the head of the Guelphs in Italy, and then *Vicare* of their republic, would have been there to adorn the festival by his presence. But the expectation of Corradino had caused the greater part of his newly conquered and oppressed kingdom to revolt, and he had hastily quitted Tuscany to secure by his presence those conquests of which his avarice and cruelty endangered the loss. But although Charles somewhat feared the approaching contest with Corradino, the Florentine Guelphs, newly reinstated in their city and possessions, did not permit a fear to cloud their triumph. The principal families vied with each other in the display of their magnificence during the festival. The knights followed the *Carroccio* on horseback, and the windows were filled with ladies who leant upon gold-inwoven carpets, while their own dresses, at once simple and elegant, their only ornaments flowers, contrasted with the glittering tapestry and the brilliant colours of the flags of the various communities. The whole population of Florence poured into the principal streets, and none were left at home, except the decrepid and

sick, unless it were some discontented Ghibelline, whose fear, poverty, or avarice, had caused him to conceal his party, when it had been banished from the city.

It was not the feeling of discontent which prevented Monna Gegia de' Becari from being among the first of the revellers; and she looked angrily on what she called her "Ghibelline leg," which fixed her to her chair on such a day of triumph. The sun shone in all its glory in an unclouded sky, and caused the Fair Florentines to draw their *fazzoletti* over their dark eyes, and to bereave the youth of those beams more vivifying that the sun's rays. The same sun poured its full light into the lonely apartment of Monna Gegia, and almost extinguished the fire which was lighted in the middle of the room, over which hung the pot of *minestra*, the dinner of the alone and her husband. But she had deserted the fire and was seated by her window, holding her beads in her hand, while every now and then she peeped from her lattice five stories high, into the narrow lane below,—but no creature passed. She looked at the opposite window; a cat slept beside a pot of heliotrope, but no human being was heard or seen;—they had all gone to the *Piazza del Duomo*.

Monna Gegia was an old woman, and her dress of green *cotrasso* showed that she belonged to one of the *Arti Minori*. Her head was covered by red kerchief, which, folded triangularly, hung loosely over it; her grey hairs were combed back from her high and wrinkled brow. The quickness of her eye spoke the activity of her mind, and the slight irritability that lingered about the corners of her lips might be occasioned by the continual war maintained between her bodily and mental faculties.—"Now, by St. John!" she said, "I would give my gold cross to make one of them; though by giving that I should appear on a *festa* without that which no *festa* yet ever found me wanting."—And as she spoke she looked with great complacency on a large but thin gold cross which was tied round her wrinkled neck by a ribbon, once black, now of a rusty brown.—"Methinks this leg of mine is bewitched; and it may well be that my Ghibelline husband has used the black art to hinder me from following the *Carroccio* with the best of them." A slight sound as of footsteps in the street far below interrupted the good woman's soliloquy.—"Perhaps it is Monna Lisabetta, or Messer Giannbi Aghi, the weaver, who mounted the breach first when the castle of Pagbonzi was taken."—She looked down, but could see no one, and was about to relapse into her old train of thoughts, when her attention was again attracted by the sound of steps ascending the stairs: they were slow and heavy, but she did not doubt who her visitant was when a key was applied to the hole of the door; the latch was lifted up, and a moment after, with an unassisted mien and downcast eyes, her husband entered.

He was a short stunted man, more than sixty years of age: his shoulders were broad and high; his legs short; his lank hair, though it grew now only on the back of his head, was still coal-black; his brows were overhanging and bushy; his eyes black and quick; his complexion dark and weather beaten; his lips as it were contradicted the sternness of the upper part of his face, for their gentle curve betokened even delicacy of sentiment, and his smile was inexpressibly sweet, although a short, bushy, grey beard somewhat spoiled the expression of his countenance. His dress consisted of leather trowsers and a kind of short, coarse, cloth tunic, confined at the waist by a leathern girdle. He had on a low crowned, red, cloth cap, which he drew over his eyes, and seating himself on a low bench by the fire, he heaved a deep sigh. He appeared disinclined to enter into any conversation, but Monna Gegia, looking on him with a smile of ineffable contempt, was resolved that he should not enjoy his melancholy mood uninterrupted.—"Have you been to mass, Cuncolo?" she asked; beginning by a question sufficiently removed from

the point she longed to approach.—He shrugged his shoulders uneasily, but did not reply.—"You are too early for your dinner," continued Gegia; "Do you not go out again?"—Cincolo answered, "No!" in an accent that denoted his disinclination to further questioning. But this very impatience only served to feed the spirit of contention that was fermenting in the bosom of Gegia.—"You are not used," she said, "to pass your May days under your chimney."—No answer.—"Well," she continued, "if you will not speak, I have done!"—meaning that she intended to begin—"but by that lengthened face of thine I see that some good news is stirring abroad, and I bless the Virgin for it, whatever it may be. Come, if thou be not too curst, tell me what happy tidings make thee so woe begone."—

Cincolo remained silent for awhile, then turning half round, but not looking at his wife, he replied,—"What if old Mazzo the Jew be dead?"—Gegia turned pale at the idea, but a smile that lighted in the good natured mouth of her husband reassured her. "Nay, St. John defend us!" she began;—"but that is not true. Old Mazzo's death would not drive you within these four walls, except it were to triumph over your old wife. By the Blessings of St. John, not one of our boys have died since the eve of the battle of Monte Aperto; and I doubt not that they were poisoned; nor Mazzo, who, to them that night, was more than half a Ghibelline in his heart. Beside, the bells are still ringing, and the drums still beating, and all would be silent enough if old Mazzo were to die. On the first of May, (and Santa Reparata is too good to let us allow such ill luck,) and he lives more forever, I trust, in the seventh heaven than all the Ghibellines saints in your calendar. No, good Cincolo, Mazzo is not dead, nor the Holy Father, nor Messer Carlo of Naples; but I would let my gold cross against the wealth of your banished man, that Pisa is taken—or Corradino—or—"—"And I have!—No, Gegia, old as I am, and much at you need in help, and that last is why I am here at all. Pisa would not be taken while this old body could stand in the breach; or Corradino die, till this lazy blood were colder on the ground than it is in my body. Ask no more questions, and do not rouse me: there is no news, no good or ill luck, that I know. But when I saw the Neri, the Pulci, the Buondelmonti, and the rest of them, ride like kings through the streets, whose very hands are hardly dry from the blood of my kindred; when I saw their daughter crowned with flowers, and thought how the daughter of Arrigo dei Elisei was mourning for her murdered father, with cheeks on her head, by the hearth of a stranger—my spirit must be more dead than it is if such a sight did not make me wish to drive among them; and methought I could scatter their pomp with my awl for a sword. But I remembered thee, and am here unstained with blood."

"That thou wilt never be!" cried Monna Gegia, the colour rising in her wrinkled cheeks:—"Since the battle of Monte Aperto, thou hast never been well washed of that shed by thee and thy confederates?—and how could so? for the Arno has never since run clear of the blood then spilt."—"And if the sea were red with that blood, still while there is any of the Guelphs' to spill, I am ready to spill it, were it not for thee. Thou rest well to mention Monte Aperto, and thou wouldst do better to remember over whom its grass now grows."—"Peace, Cincolo; a mother's heart has more memory in it than thou thinkest; and I well recollect who spurred me as I knelt, and dragged my only child but sixteen years of age, to die in the cause of that misbeliever Manfred. Let us indeed speak no more. Woe was the day when I married thee! but those were happy times, when there was neither Guelph nor Ghibelline;—they will never return."—"Never,—until, as thou sayest, the Arno runs clear of the blood shed on its banks;—never while I can prove the heart of a Guelph;—never till both parties are cold under one

bier."—"And thou and I, Cincolo?" "Are two old fools, and shall be more at peace under ground than above it. Rank Guelph as thou art, I married thee before I was a Ghibelline; so now I must eat from the same platter with the enemy of Manfred and make shoes for Guelphs, instead of following the fortunes of Corradino, and sending them, my battle-axe in my hand, to buy their shoes in Bologna."—"Hush! hush good man, talk not so loud of thy party; hearest thou not that some one knocks?"—

To be continued.

THE LAST HOURS OF SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.

(From Mr. D'Israeli's admirable Work.)

The close of the life of Sir Walter Rawleigh was as extraordinary as many parts of his varied history: the promptitude and sprightliness of his genius, his carelessness of life, and the equanimity of that great spirit in quitting the world, can only be paralleled by a few heroes and sages:—Rawleigh was both! But it is not simply his dignified yet active conduct on the scaffold, nor his admirable speech on that occasion, circumstances by which many great men are judged, when their energies are excited for a moment to act so great a part, before the eyes of the world assembled at their feet—it is not these only which claim our notice.

We may pause with admiration on the real grandeur of Rawleigh's character; not from a single circumstance, however great, but from a tissue of continued little incidents, which occurred from the moment of his condemnation till he laid his head on the block. Rawleigh was a man of such mark, that he deeply engaged the attention of his contemporaries; and to this we owe the preservation of several interesting particulars of what he did and what he said, which have entered into his life; but all has not been told in the published narratives. Contemporary writers in their letters have set down every fresh incident, and eagerly caught up his sense, his wit, and, what is more delightful, those marks of the natural cheerfulness of his invariable presence of mind: nor could these have arisen from any affectation or parade, for we shall see that they served him even in his tender farewell to his lady, and on many unpremeditated occasions.

I have drawn together into a short compass every fact concerning the feelings and conduct of Rawleigh at these solemn moments of his life, which my researches have furnished, and not omitting those which are known: to have preserved only the new would be to mutilate the statue, and to injure the whole by an imperfect view.

Rawleigh one morning was taken out of his bed, in a fit of fever, and unexpectedly hurried, not to his trial, but to a sentence of death. The story is well known. Yet pleading with "a voice grown weak by sickness, and an ague he had at that instant on him," he used every means to avert his fate: he did, therefore, value the life he could so easily part with. His judges there, at least, respected their state criminal, and they addressed him in a far different tone than he had fifteen years before listened to from Coke. Yelverton, the Attorney-General, said, "Sir Walter Rawleigh has been as a star at which the world have gazed: but stars may fall, nay, they must fall, when they trouble the sphere where they abide." And the lord chief justice noticed Rawleigh's great work:—"I know that you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain these virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your book is an admirable work; I would give you counsel, but I know you can apply unto yourself far better than I am able to give you." But the judge ended with saying, "execution is granted." It was stifling Rawleigh with roses; and it was listening to fame from the voice of death.

He declared, that now being old, sickly, and in disgrace, and "certain, were he allowed to live, to go to it

again, life was wearisome to him, and all he intreated was to have leave to speak freely at his farewell, to satisfy the world that he was ever loyal to the king, and a true lover of the commonwealth; for this he would seal with his blood."

Rawleigh, on his return to his prison, while some were deploring his fate, observed, that "the world itself is but a larger prison, out of which some are daily selected for execution.

The last night of his existence was occupied by writing what the letter-writer calls "a remembrancer to be left with his lady," to acquaint the world with his sentiments, should he be denied their delivery from the scaffold, as he had been at the bar of the King's Bench. His lady visited him that night, and amidst their tears acquainted him, that she obtained the favour of disposing of his body; to which he answered smiling, "It is well, Bess, that thou mayst dispose of that dead, thou hadst not always the disposing of when it was alive." At midnight he intreated her to leave him. It must have been then that, with unshaken fortitude, Rawleigh sat down to compose those verses on his death, which, being short, the most appropriate may be repeated.

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!"

He has added two other lines expressive of his trust in his resurrection. Their authenticity is confirmed by the writer of the present letter, as well as another writer, inclosing "half a dozen verses, which Sir Walter made the night before his death, to take his farewell of poetry, wherein he had been a scribbler even from his youth." The inclosure is not now here with the letter. Chamberlain, the writer, was an intelligent man of the world, but not imbued with any deep tincture of literature. On the same night Rawleigh wrote his distich on the candle burning dimly:

"Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out."

At this solemn moment, before he lay down to rest, and at the instant of parting from his lady, with all his domestic affections still warm, to express his feelings in verse was with him a natural effusion, and one to which he had long been used. It is peculiar in the fate of Rawleigh, that having before suffered a long imprisonment with an expectation of a public death, his mind had been accustomed to its contemplation, and had often dwelt on the event which was now passing. The soul, in its sudden departure, and its future state, is often the subject of his few poems; that most original one of "The Farewell,"

Go, soul! the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand, &c.

is attributed to Rawleigh, though on uncertain evidence. But another, entitled "The Pilgrimage," has this beautiful passage:

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, Hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage—
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven—."

Rawleigh's cheerfulness was so remarkable, and his fearlessness of death so marked, that the Dean of Westminster, who attended him, at first wondering at the hero, reprehended the lightness of his manner; but Rawleigh gave God thanks that he had never feared death, for it was but an opinion, and an imagination; and as for the manner of death, he had rather die so than of a burning fever; and that some might have made shows outwardly, but he felt the joy within. The Dean says, that he made no more of his death than if he had been to take a journey; "Not," said he, "but that I am a great sinner,

for I have been a soldier, a seaman, a courtier." The writer of a manuscript letter tells us, that the Dean declared he died not only religiously, but he found him to be a man as ready and as able to give as to take instruction.

On the morning of his death he smoked, as usual, his favourite tobacco, and when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, being asked how he liked it, Rawleigh answered, "As the fellow, that, drinking of St. Giles's bowl, as he went to Tyburn, said, 'that was good drink if a man might tarry by it.'" The day before, in passing from Westminster Hall to the Gate-house, his eye had caught Sir Hugh Beeston in the throng, and calling on him, requested that he would see him die to-morrow. Sir Hugh, to secure himself a seat on the scaffold, had provided himself with a letter to the sheriff, which was not read at the time, and Sir Walter found his friend thrust by, lamenting that he could not get there. "Farewell!" exclaimed Rawleigh, "I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place." In going from the prison to the scaffold, among others who were pressing hard to see him, one old man, whose head was bald, came very forward, insomuch that Rawleigh noticed him, and asked, "whether he would have aught of him?" The old man answered, "Nothing but to see him, and to pray to God for him."—Rawleigh replied, "I thank thee, good friend, and I am sorry I have no better thing to return thee for thy good will." Observing his bald head, he continued, "but take this night-cap, (which was a very rich wrought one that he wore) for thou has more need of it now than I."

His dress, as was usual with him, was elegant, if not rich. Olays describes it, but mentions, that "he had a wrought night-cap under his hat," which we have otherwise disposed of; his ruff-band, a black wrought velvet night gown over a hair coloured satin doublet, and a black wrought waistcoat; black cut taffety breeches, and ash-coloured silk stockings.

He ascended the scaffold with the same cheerfulness he had passed to it; and observing the lords seated at a distance, some at windows, he requested they would approach him, as he wished what he had to say they should all witness. This request was complied with by several. His speech is well known; but some copies contain matters not in others. When he finished, he requested Lord Arundel that the king would not suffer any libels to defame him after death—"And now I have a long journey to go, and must take my leave." "He embraced all the lords and other friends with such courtly compliments, as if he had met them at some feast," says a letter writer. Having taken off his gown, he called to the heads man to show him the axe, which not being instantly done, he repeated, "I pritthee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" He passed the edge lightly over his finger, and smiling, observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases," and kissing it, laid it down. Another writer has, "This is that that will cure all sorrows." After this he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer to himself. When he began to fit himself for the block, he first laid himself down to try how the block fitted him; after rising up, the executioner kneeled down to ask his forgiveness, which Rawleigh with an embrace did, but intreated him not to strike till he gave a token by lifting up his hand, "*and then, fear not, but strike home!*" When he laid his head down to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to lay his face towards the east. "It was no great matter which way a man's head stood, so the heart lay right," said Rawleigh; but these were not his last words. He was once more to speak in this world with the same intrepidity he had lived in it—for, having lain some minutes on the block in prayer, he gave the signal; but the executioner, either unmindful, or in fear, failed to strike, and Rawleigh, other once or twice putting forth his

hands, was compelled to ask him, "Why dost not strike? Strike, man!" In two blows he was beheaded; but from the first, his body never shrunk from the spot, by any discomposure of his posture, which, like his mind, was immoveable.

"In all the time he was upon the scaffold, and before," says one of the manuscript letter writers, "there appeared not the least alteration in him, either in his voice or countenance; but he seemed as free from all manner of apprehension as if he had been come thither rather to be a spectator than a sufferer; nay, the beholders seemed much more sensible than did he, so that he hath purchased here in the opinion of men such honour and reputation, as it is thought his greatest enemies are they that are most sorrowful for his death, which they see is like to turn so much to his advantage."

The people were deeply affected at the sight, and so much, that one said, that "we had not such another head to cut off," and another "wished the head and brains to be upon Secretary Naunton's shoulders." The observer suffered for this; he was a wealthy citizen, and great newsmonger, and one who haunted Paul's Walk. Complaint was made, and the citizen summoned to the privy council. He pleaded that he intended no disrespect to Mr. Secretary; but only spake in reference to the old proverb, that "two heads were better than one!" His excuse was allowed at the moment; but when afterwards called on for a contribution to St. Paul's cathedral, and having subscribed a hundred pounds, the Secretary observed to him, that "two are better than one, Mr. Wemark!" either from fear or charity the witty citizen doubled his subscription.

Thus died this glorious and gallant cavalier, of whom Osborne says, "His death was managed by him with so high and religious a resolution, as if a Roman had acted a Christian, or rather a Christian a Roman."

POETRY.

SPIRITS OF HEAVEN.

Spirit of Joy! I will call upon thee!
With my beseeming step and my radiant smile
Thou shalt teach me thy mirth and revelry,
For thou art the cares of life beguile.
Yet leave me, ah, leave me! all gay as thou art,
I love not thy vain and idle folly;
Thy laughter oppresses the weary heart,
And leaves it in languor and melancholy.

Spirit of Peace! descend from the sky,
With thy calm pure look and thy promise of rest;
And let the beam of thy dove like eye
Still the throbbing that troubled breast.
Yet, Daughter of Heav'n! thy pinion cold,
My restless soul will not bend to thy sway;
For thy smile, tho' sweet, is strangely cold,
And it chills my spirit—Away! away!

Spirit of Love! obey my voice!
And lead my steps to thy fairy bowers,
And let my heart in thy smiles rejoice,
And crown my brows with brightest flowers;
Ah, traitor! thy roses too swiftly fade,
Too soon the captive shall feel thy chain;
And many a heart by thy smile betrayed,
Shall sigh for its freedom—but sigh in vain.

Spirit of Hope! from thy bright cloud bend,
No power can thy endless charm destroy;
If thou wilt ever my steps attend,
My life shall be one bright round of joy!
Angel of Beauty! thy guardian wing
Shall shield me from every earth-born sorrow!
I feel not the anguish to-day may bring
If still thou wilt promise a blissful morrow.

WINTER.

By Bernard Barton.

Thou hast thy beauties: sterner ones I own,
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee
Belong the charms of solemn majesty
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky;
Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs, with ivy overgrown.
Thou hast thy decorations too; although
Thou art austere; thy studded mantle, gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As e'er Golconda's, and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes nature; till her features seem
Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we dream.

CHARADES AND ENIGMA.

CHARADES.

By J. Tucker, of Carmarthen.

My first doth stand within the sacred fane,
Where pious Christians oft together meet;
High on my next, the windmill's yielding vane
Doth feel the wind that passeth by so fleet.

To see my last reminds us of the days
When papal bigotry in Britain reign'd;
And on my whole astonish'd trav'lers gaze,
Which realizes what the poets feign'd

By the same.

On Waterloo's plain,
Where thousands were slain,
How many a hero my first left behind!
And on the same spot,
It was the sad lot
Of many brave fellows my second to find.
No more may grim war
His purple-stain'd car
So furiously drive o'er Europe's fair clime!
But peace ever reign,
With love in her train,—
My whole is a table, so here ends my rhyme.

ENIGMA.

By J. W. of Charmouth.

Ere Phœbus had mounted his fiery car
The sound of the huntsman resounded afar;
In the lawns and the valleys bespangled with dew,
The well scented hounds my first did pursue;
May we, as my next, be united and free,
King George and his subjects together agree.
Our trade and our commerce revive once again,—
May we have no more of my whole to complain.